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## FANWOOD.

Celebrating Lincoln's  
Birthday.

## IT IS THE WOMEN'S TURN

Their Papers as Read Given  
in Full-Cuba is Right--  
Other News Items.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Wednesday, February 12th, was Abraham Lincoln's birthday, and a holiday in New York by an act of the legislature last winter. Everywhere the people celebrated the day, for Lincoln had endeared himself to the American people. At the Institution exercises were held in the chapel from 9 to 11.30 A.M. This time the lady teachers did all the talking. The papers read are herewith given:

By Miss Ida Montgomery.

My friend, Mr. Fox, has for many years annually lamented the fact that he was born too late—to be whipped by Dr. H. P. Peet. Mr. Jones has excused in the proud distinction (though, Solomon to the contrary notwithstanding, I fear that in his case both the rod and the child were spoiled). I wish now to plant another thorn of undying regret in Mr. Fox's long-suffering bosom. He did not see Abraham Lincoln. I did. Possibly there is no one else here, to-day, who looked upon the noblest of men, who forgave the capital T's, I will try to recall for you some of the events of nearly forty years ago.

Two men who were not in the midst of it can realize the intense bitterness of the Presidential contest of 1860. The people were divided into three great parties. The Southerners, who wished to destroy the Union, as they kept their slaves. The Dough-faces (as they were called) who feared the South and wanted "Peace at any price," even that of dishonor. And the majority of the rest of the people, who were resolved to do right and leave the result with God, or, to use Lincoln's own words, who would "accept war rather than let the nation perish." Lincoln was elected, as you know. He was chosen by God to lead and preserve this nation, just as truly as was Moses of old to lead the Israelites from bondage.

This Institution was then as now a little world in itself. Party feeling ran high. Some of my fellow pupils were Southerners. And there were men close to the platform, among the directors, teachers, and officers. I can assure you the debates of those days were not as peaceful as they are now—were they confined to the usual platform. I had read Lincoln's speeches, and believed in him with all my heart.

We heard that Lincoln would pass on a certain train on the Hudson River Railroad on his way to Washington, and all who desired it were allowed to go down to the dock. You may be sure I was one, and if I am not mistaken Dr. H. P. Peet led us in person. We were close to the train, and the train passed a very tall man stepped out on the rear platform. He glanced at the inscription, "New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," and the arch under which we stood, and the waving hats and handkerchiefs, bent his head, and as the train rushed on, was gone.

It was not many, but unwittingly my eyes turned to behold the greatest American. He was inaugurated, though men had vowed that he should not be, and a month afterwards the guns of Fort Sumter called a nation to arms.

Our flag had been insulted, and the next day the streets of every Northern city resounded to the tramp of marching men.

Boys, I have seen you talk of war and the glory of it. May you never know its untolerable misery. For four weary years our President endured the agony of seeing all that man can suffer and live. Friends doubted and fears assailed him. His deep, sad eyes grew sadder, and his worn face more deeply lined, but his faith in the ultimate triumph of the right never wavered. At last Lee surrendered, and the "Flag of the Free" waved for the first time in its history over a truly free land. No slave covered his face with his hands.

There were rejoicings in every loyal household, even in those to which the loved soldiers' father or son would return no coming home—the Nation saved.

I well remember the evening of 14th of April, a friend on the staff of a Union General came to see us, and we sat late talking of the war and its glorious termination.

The next morning at breakfast, when the papers came, Dr. Wilkinson was the first to see the news. He stared at the headlines, and turning as white as death, exclaimed: "My God, Lincoln is shot!" The horror of it paralyzed us all for a moment; next a wave of passionate indignation, and then the tears rained from every eye. Did you ever see strong men weep? I trust they never will again, in this land, as they did that day.

Our soldier friend rose and said: "I must report to my General. We may have to start at once for Washington."

I will not dwell upon the days that followed. They were like unto that day in Egypt when the first born lay dead in every house. On the 24th of April, our martyred President lay in our black-draped City Hall. For more than twenty-four hours an unending throng of men, women and children flowed past his coffin to look through blinded eyes upon his peaceful face. The strong form was still forever; the hands folded over the quiet heart which in life felt only "Charity for all." The next day New York offered her tribute to the dead. The Hon. Benjamin R. Windrop was then the President of this Institution, and also a member of the "Citizens Committee." He had seats placed in the windows of the Bank on Broadway, and with others I was invited to see the procession from that point.

I shall never forget the occasion. Every building was draped in black. Mottos were everywhere—most expressing grief, some calling for vengeance. Every man, woman and child wore some badge of mourning. At the foot of an oak tree his comrades dug his grave. The chaplain said a short prayer and a volley was fired over his grave. William Scott had paid his debt to President Lincoln by giving his life for his country.

By Miss Helen C. Andrews.

There is a very sad but interesting little legend told in connection with President Lincoln's early manhood days. Though at first the outlook was only a dim promise, his hopes and prospects of happiness were very soon hidden by a dark and gloomy shadow which threatened to blast his whole life.

It is the story of Ann Rutledge, an exceedingly charming and interesting girl, with whom Lincoln became acquainted soon after his arrival in Springfield in 1843. She was a member of one of the most prominent families in the settlement, and besides her most excellent education, she possessed many personal charms and natural graces. She was a girl whose company people liked. Many of those who knew her at the time have left tributes to her brightness and gentleness. A time when Lincoln met and was understood to be engaged to a young man by the name of McNell. That was the name by which he was then known, but he afterwards revealed to Ann his true name. His real name was McNamar. He had come West to make his fortune that he might be of some assistance to his father in his old age. He had been very successful in his business, and had made a good deal of money. He told Ann that he would be absent but a very short time; that he would soon return and they would be married. Ann heard and was very glad, for she was very fond of him, and he was a very good man. But he did not return, and no letters brought to her any assurance that he was yet alive. If not dead, he was unfaithful and she was only nineteen, when this severe trial came to her, and a much bitterer one was to follow, for a heart more true than McNamar's was offended.

Fort Sumter and the noble young manhood as Lincoln's, and that made the struggle much harder. Her extreme horror forbade her accepting him, for fear that by doing so she would be untrue to her lover. Gradually her sense of obligation wore off, and the legend tells us that one bright day in summer she gave up waiting for McNamar, and gave her hand to Lincoln and they were engaged.

The young girl had suffered too much, for the nervous strain had been at once too great. She told her betrothed that she would never be true to him, and the evening there were gatherings around the open fire and stories were told.

Lincoln was a bright boy at school, and though he was very young, he studied very hard. He used to get spice-wood bushes, stack them upon a log, and burn two or three of them together so that he might watch the flames, and when he was tired, he would sit on the log and read. He worked his arithmetic on a board shovels with a piece of charcoal. When the shovel was covered on both sides, he would take it and turn it over, and when it was covered on the other side, he would turn it over again. It was rather different than going into a classroom and asking your teacher for a pad and pencil.

The vegetable food was very small. There was plenty of game, but potatoes were the only vegetable raised in quantity, and it was not unusual for this to be the only article of food on the table. A fishy smell of being at the Lincoln's ones, when he saw potatoes were washed and pared and eaten as apples.

In these days, when we hear so much about the "new woman" and her achievements, it may not be out of place for me to relate some of the adventures of Miss Edmonds, who acted as detective and spy for the Federals.

She was a native of the Province of New Brunswick, and had come to the United States to prepare herself for foreign missionary work. While waiting at a station in the far West, she learned of the fall of Fort Sumter, and the President's call for 75,000 men. She hurried to Washington, and offered her services as field nurse in that vicinity. The terrible scenes on the battle-field, and the sight of the dead, the sick and wounded men, and finally the death of her life-long friend, Lieutenant V., proved too much for her nervous system, and she was obliged to undertake other and less trying duties.

About this time a scouting party brought the unpleasant news that one of the Federal spies had been captured, and a demand of \$100,000 was made for his ransom. It was necessary for that vacancy to be supplied without delay. President Lincoln was very anxious to ascertain who was acting as spy for the rebel army, and also to learn as much as possible about the plans of Lee and Johnston.

Miss Edmonds announced her willingness to assume the duty of spy, and the Government, although she knew it was a perilous undertaking, she was ushered into the presence of General McClelland and his staff, and she was given the oath of allegiance was administered, and Miss Edmonds hastened away to make all necessary preparation. She procured the dress and outfit of an Irish female, and applied mustard to one cheek to raise a prominent blister, which was daily covered with a suitable plaster. Then with a pair of blue goggles and an abundance of Irish brogue, she was well worthy of the name of "one of the rare old stock" of worthy dames from "the old country."

With her basket of pies, she started for the rebel lines. Toward night she came to a small house, where she found a dying rebel, Captain Hall, who requested her to take his watch and other valuables to Major McKee, before he reached the enemy post next morning. "Bridget" sprinkled pepper on her handkerchief, and applied it to her eyes, giving them a fine, tender appearance, which immediately won the confidence and sympathy of the sentinel. He told her how the rebels had learned of the plans of the Union army, and had prepared masked batteries to meet them. According to an officer, at headquarters, Major McKee had gone to set a trap for the Yankees, and "Bridget" spent the remainder of the day drilling pies and cakes to the soldiers, and in passing all the information she could. She learned among other things who were the rebel spies, and with a profound Irish courtesy, she gave him the watch and the package. He was deeply affected by her story, and he did not require any paper to assist the lachrymal glands in performing their duty. The major asked her to accompany a detachment of twenty-four men to the house, where Captain Hall's body lay and provided a horse for her own use. Towards midnight the party reached the house, which was five miles from headquarters. The sergeant requested the "faithful woman" to ride down the road to see if the Yankees were on the watch. She joyfully assented, and instead of returning to report, she rode swiftly to the Federal camp and announced the result of her visit to the rebels.

The outcome of this adventure was the rebel spies were captured, the Confederates failed in their plan to attack the Capital, and finally came some important victories by the Army of the Potomac.

Miss Le Prince, the Art teacher, did not read a paper, but instead drew on the large slates the "View of the Sangamon River, New Salem, where Lincoln piloted the steamer 'Talisman'."

By Miss Amelia E. Berry.

Notwithstanding the honor due to our former great President, Abraham Lincoln, and the number of magazines in this country, only two of them have ever published his life.

Lincoln's grandfather emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky, where he was killed by Indians, leaving a wife and five children. His father was only six years old at this time, but he was soon obliged to gain his own living before he could even read. He is said to have been a good carpenter for those times, "when a cabin was built mainly with the axe, and not a nail or bolt or hinge in it, only leathers and pins to the door, and no glass except in window spectacles." Lincoln's mother was a very different sort of person. She could read and write, and had the ambition to better her surroundings.

Lincoln's father was a very different sort of person. He was a very good man, but it seems to have had no ill effects on him, for he was always well and active. He had a number of playmates, only one of whom was a girl, named Anselm. He was called "Uncle" by his friends, and he tells many stories of the sports and mischief he and Abraham were in together.

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When the Kansas-Nebraska bill was introduced in 1854, Abraham sprang into notoriety.

Now the struggle between freedom and slavery, supported by Lincoln and Douglas, had begun, and was watched with great interest by the whole country, and from that time his political career steadily grew.

When Lincoln first became President, his task was unsurprisingly great. The South had revolted a month before he was inaugurated, many Northerners were of the opinion that if he were white, and at once set down and wrote a letter to him, telling him that his appearance would be improved if he would let his whiskers grow. She did not want to hurt his feelings, so she added that she thought the rail fence looked very pretty. The frankness of the child seems to have appealed to the humorous side of Lincoln's nature—for he acted upon the suggestion and let his whiskers grow. After his election, on his way from Springfield to Washington, he inquired of a friend in the party, who had been the same town as Grace, if he knew this little Grace Bedell. When the gentleman said he did know her, Lincoln told the story of the letter and said he should try to see the child. When the train arrived at the station, Lincoln made a speech from the platform and, as he finished, asked for Grace. The crowd called out the name of the girl, and Grace ran home without looking at anyone, and with a bunch of wild roses in her hand, which she had hoped to give to the President, but which, in the excitement, she had forgotten.

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William Scott, just of age, had enlisted in the regiment. Accustomed to his regular sleep, not yet used to the hardships of the camp, he had volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade, who had been detailed for picket duty. The next night he was himself detailed for picket duty, and tried to remain on guard. He could do so, but he was very tired, and he had two nights in succession, and had been found sound asleep on his post. For this offence he had been court-martialed, found guilty, and sentenced to be kept in the guard-house for two weeks. He was very sorry, but he was not to be shot at least not to-morrow, nor until I know more of the case.

Then he told the President how Scott, who was nothing but a boy, had become a hero by doing picket duty for a sick comrade, and by then trying to act as sentinel the following night. He pleaded eloquently for his comrade's life.

Then his face lighted up, he broke out into a long laugh, and said, "Do the Great Mountain boys light as well as the talk? Captain, I don't think an honest, brave soldier, conscious of no crime but sleeping when weary, ought to be shot or hanged. Your boy shall not be shot—at least not to-morrow, nor until I know more of the case."

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Lincoln replied: "But it is a great deal more than that." Then he put his hands on Scott's shoulders, and said: "My boy, there is only one thing in the world who can pay for this, and that is William Scott. If from this day do your duty so that, if I were there when you came to die, you would look me in the face as you now, and say, 'I have kept my promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier, then your debt is paid. Will you make that promise?'"

From that day Scott was the most faithful man in the company, working day and night for his country. He was offered promotion, but refused, saying he had done nothing worthy of it. He became the general favorite of all his comrades.

In April, 1863, the Vermont Regiment under General Smith was ordered to capture some rebel fortifications between the Taconic and York rivers.

An attack was made. Every member of the company was a brave man, but of them all, there was none braver than William Scott, who gave his life for his country. Lincoln. He carried all the wounded away from the enemy's lines to a place of safety. He was just taking away the last wounded man upon his back, when the rebels fired upon him. He staggered with his living burden and fell. His comrades carried him out of the line of fire, and laid him on the grass to die. Just before his death, he called to his comrades to him. His face was bright and cheerful. "Boys," he said, "I shall never see another battle. I have tried to do the right thing. I wish you would tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me. And that now, when I know that I am dying, I think of his kind face and thank him again because he gave me a chance to die like a

dear mother to say about this industry and determination of the greatest man this, or I think, any other country can boast of, but I want to tell you a little incident about him, and I cannot do both.

At the time of Lincoln's nomination for President, there was living in Chautauque county, New York State, a little girl named Grace Bedell. Her father was an ardent Republican, and one day, he brought into the house a large poster with the pictures of Lincoln and Hamlin in the middle surrounded by a rail fence. When Grace looked at the face of the man about whom she had learned so much, she felt disappointed, and said to her mother that he stepped out of the picture as if he were white, and at once set down and wrote a letter to him, telling him that his appearance would be improved if he would let his whiskers grow. She did not want to hurt his feelings, so she added that she thought the rail fence looked very pretty. The frankness of the child seems to have appealed to the humorous side of Lincoln's nature—for he acted upon the suggestion and let his whiskers grow. After his election, on his way from Springfield to Washington, he inquired of a friend in the party, who had been the same town as Grace, if he knew this little Grace Bedell. When the gentleman said he did know her, Lincoln told the story of the letter and said he should try to see the child. When the train arrived at the station, Lincoln made a speech from the platform and, as he finished, asked for Grace. The crowd called out the name of the girl, and Grace ran home without looking at anyone, and with a bunch of wild roses in her hand, which she had hoped to give to the President, but which, in the excitement, she had forgotten.

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soldier in battle, and not to be shot like a coward. Good-bye, boys," he said cheerily; then he closed his eyes, crossed his hands on his breast, and that was all.

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Lincoln replied: "But it is a great deal more than that." Then he put his hands on Scott's shoulders, and said: "My boy, there is only one thing in the world who can pay for this, and that is William Scott. If from this day do your duty so that, if I were there when you came to die, you would look me in the face as you now, and say, 'I have kept my promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier, then your debt is paid. Will you make that promise?'"

From that day Scott was the most faithful man in the company, working day and night for his country. He was offered promotion, but refused, saying he had done nothing worthy of it. He became the general favorite of all his comrades.

In April, 1863, the Vermont Regiment under General Smith was ordered to capture some rebel fortifications between the Taconic and York rivers.

An attack was made. Every member of the company was a brave man, but of them all, there was none braver than William Scott, who gave his life for his country. Lincoln. He carried all the wounded away from the enemy's lines to a place of safety. He was just taking away the last wounded man upon his back, when the rebels fired upon him. He staggered with his living burden and fell. His comrades carried him out of the line of fire, and laid him on the grass to die. Just before his death, he called to his comrades to him. His face was bright and cheerful. "Boys," he said, "I shall never see another battle. I have tried to do the right thing. I wish you would tell President Lincoln that I have never forgotten the kind words he said to me. And that now, when I know that I am dying, I think of his kind face and thank him again because he gave me a chance to die like a

soldier in battle, and not to be shot like a coward. Good-bye, boys," he said cheerily; then he closed his eyes, crossed his hands on his breast, and that was all.

At the time of Lincoln's nomination for President, there was living in Chautauque county, New York State, a little girl named Grace Bedell. Her father was an ardent Republican, and one day, he brought into the house a large poster with the pictures of Lincoln and Hamlin in the middle surrounded by a rail fence. When Grace looked at the face of the man about whom she had learned so much, she felt disappointed, and said to her mother that he stepped out of the picture as if he were white, and at once set down and wrote a letter to him, telling him that his appearance would be improved if he would let his whiskers grow. She did not want to hurt his feelings, so she added that she thought the rail fence looked very pretty. The frankness of the child seems to have appealed to the humorous side of Lincoln's nature—for he acted upon the suggestion and let his whiskers grow. After his election, on his way from Springfield to Washington, he inquired of a friend in the party, who had been the same town as Grace, if he knew this little Grace Bedell. When the gentleman said he did know her, Lincoln told the story of the letter and said he should try to see the child. When the train arrived at the station, Lincoln made a speech from the platform and, as he finished, asked for Grace. The crowd called out the name of the girl, and Grace ran home without looking at anyone, and with a bunch of wild roses in her hand, which she had hoped to give to the President, but which, in the excitement, she had forgotten.

When war was at an end and everywhere had on its festive garments, "guns were booming, bells ringing and churches singing 'Thanksgiving'." The country, when the news ran out that Abraham Lincoln had been murdered!

During the year 1861, the 8th Vermont Regiment was stationed near Georgetown, Vt. The regiment was made up mostly of farmer boys, many of them not yet of age.

William Scott, just of age, had enlisted in the regiment. Accustomed to his regular sleep, not yet used to the hardships of the camp, he had volunteered to take the place of a sick comrade, who had been detailed for picket duty. The next night he was himself detailed for picket duty, and tried to remain on guard. He could do so, but he was very tired, and he had two nights in succession, and had been found sound asleep on his post. For this offence he had been court-martialed, found guilty, and sentenced to be kept in the guard-house for two weeks. He was very sorry, but he was not to be shot at least not to-morrow, nor until I know more of the case.

Then he told the President how Scott, who was nothing but a boy, had become a hero by doing picket duty for a sick comrade, and by then trying to act as sentinel the following night. He pleaded eloquently for his comrade's life.

Then his face lighted up, he broke out into a long laugh, and said, "Do the Great Mountain boys light as well as the talk? Captain, I don't think an honest, brave soldier, conscious of no crime but sleeping when weary, ought to be shot or hanged. Your boy shall not be shot—at least not to-morrow, nor until I know more of the case."

That same afternoon Lincoln went up to the guard-house to see Scott. He talked very kindly to him, asking him about the people at home, about his school, about his friends, about his mother, and Scott was very glad to talk to him. He became very friendly with him, and he was very kind to him. He was very kind to him, and he was very kind to him.

Scott could scarcely speak, he was so overjoyed, but he said: "I



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

The murder of the aged artist in his studio is the Lexington Avenue School is as deep a mystery as it was the day the body was discovered. Five boys—pupils of the school—were arrested. The first three were discharged, and suspicion turned from them to the other two, who are brothers and sons of a wealthy merchant. The evidence against them was of the most trivial character, and they were discharged from custody, as an alibi was conclusively proven. A day or two after they were again arrested, and on Monday last the Grand Jury took the case into consideration, and dismissed the charge. Judge McMahon of the Court of General Sessions, on the strength of the Grand Jury's action, promptly released them and cancelled their bail bonds, which their father had become surety for in the sum of \$10,000 each.

These young men, who have been under the terrible accusation of murder, are slight in stature, with cheerful, open countenances, and it is strange that the police should entertain the opinion of their possible connection with the tragedy. The result of both examinations is hailed with pleasure by their numerous friends, and the sympathy of all is extended to the parents in the terrible ordeal which they have undergone.

The newspapers of the city have been repeating the unjust reflections upon deaf-mutes by asserting that the ordinary deaf-mute is morose, sullen, revengeful, suspicious, passionate, etc., etc. Now, in the cause of justice, we protest against such misrepresentations. The uneducated deaf-mute may have one or all of the above characteristics, but the educated deaf are intellectually and morally the same as those who hear. It is not deafness nor dumbness, but ignorance that is the cause of evil traits of character. Apart from hereditary tendency and unfavorable environment, the lack of moral character is chargeable to be want of mental training and enlightenment. Whether the individual be deaf and dumb or possessed of the five senses, if the animal nature be allowed to grow and the mind be neglected and dwarfed, vicious habits and irresponsible and violent acts will be the result. The State's enlightened policy of free education to all, is the safeguard of society. The educated deaf are good, industrious, law-abiding citizens, and if a tour of all the prisons of this State were made, we confidently believe there would not be found a single convict.

The *Mt. Airy World* of February 13th, is an excellent number, devoted entirely to athletics. It also presents a photograph of the Institution football team. The Institution is wise in its encouragement of athletics and outdoor sports, and one of the good results, apart from improvement in studies, is tersely put at the side of the picture of the Institution hospital—"The Infirmary, where our athletes are seldom found. We agree with Harris Taylor that "physical culture should have a place in every school, and Greek should be optional."

The *Journal des Sourds-Muets*, of Paris, France, gives a splendid supplement to its regular issue for the month of January. The supplement contains in full the speeches made at the anniversary banquet in honor of Abbe de l'Epee.

Two portraits of the good abbe are reproduced from ancient prints. Altogether the *Journal des Sourds-Muets*, shows commendable enterprise and demonstrates the love and reverence which the French deaf-mutes entertain for the memory of their first great benefactor. De l'Epee's birthday is universally celebrated in France every year when the 25th of November comes round, and although the venerable and scholarly Ferdinand Berthier is no longer with them to preside, the enthusiasm is as intense and the eulogies as earnest and brilliant as in the years gone by.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Harry Pickcock is employed in the spoke mill at Lambertville, N. J.

A dispatch from Indianapolis, Ind., states that John Breen was killed by the cars near that city.

Mr. John Hitz, Superintendent of the Volta Bureau, is in Switzerland, where he has just buried his daughter, Mrs. Burton. He is expected to return soon.

Mrs. M. C. Siegman, who has been sojourning among friends at Brodbeck and East End for the past year, returned not long since to her home in Nashville, Tenn.

Robert C. Heller is now engaged in making rubber shoes in a New Jersey factory. He and his family expect to make a short visit in Troy, N. Y., and later to spend the summer in Chicago.

The mother of Mr. Frank B. Thompson died on the afternoon of February 17th. Funeral at the Congregational Church, Bound Brook, N. J., on Wednesday morning, February 19th. Interment at Morris-town, N. J.

Carter Cummings, of Copeland, expects to leave soon for Crawford County, Pa., accompanied by his mother and sister, who will return home, where it is to be hoped that a change of air and scenery may benefit his health.

Miss Grace Hayden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hayden, of New York City, has a birthday but once in four years—February 29th. She is very intelligent, makes great progress at school, and her parents are justly proud of her.

Frank Widaman was at the Keaghy Theatre in Greensburg to witness the great comedian, Joe Ott, in "The Star Gazer." To say that his acting was a most droll article does not half express it mildly. One of his fellow actors played deaf and dumb, and did his part almost to perfection.

### His Power of Expression Impaired.

Fenderson.—You say that man is a deaf-mute, and that he has an impediment in his speech. Pray, how can that be?  
Fogg.—Very easily. A few months ago he lost two fingers by a buzz saw.—*Boston Transcript*.

## BORN.

February 11th, 1896, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Gibson, of Chicago, Ill.

## SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES FEBRUARY 23, 1896.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, 3 P. M.

St. Ann's in St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.  
St. Mark's, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.  
Pro-Cathedral, Amsterdam Avenue and 110th Street, New York.  
St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport.

## GUILD OF SILENT WORKERS.

The monthly meeting of this important and useful society will be held on Tuesday, February 25th, at 8 P. M., in the Parish House of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, 67 East 89th Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues. It is hoped that all the deaf-mutes of this city will be present so that they may know the object of the Guild.

## NOTICE.

A lecture will be given by Prof. William G. Jones in the Parish House of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, No. 67 East 89th Street, between Park Avenue (or Fourth Avenue) and Madison Avenue, on Tuesday, March 17th, at 8 o'clock P. M. The proceeds will be used to defray the expenses of a Fair for the support of the Gallaudet Home, and we earnestly hope that a large number will be present. Admission, 15 cents.

# NEW YORK.

## The Quad Club's "Orange Conversazione."

### THE EGLAU MURDER THE TOPIC OF THE WEEK.

The Fitzgerald Boys are Now Free—"One Man Power" in the German Society Causes Trouble—An Anarchistic Meeting and Superfluous Resolutions.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Then, L. Lounsbury's address is 238 East 50th Street, New York City.

The Fanwood Quad Club had a rip-roaring time last Saturday evening, February 15th, in which only members and their lady friends participated. As the last was an improvement over the previous, those to follow on the third Saturday of every month promise to be something at present indescribable. About fifteen young ladies had the good fortune to get "invited" from their gentlemen friends, and with their presence the club room presented a gay appearance. As the program had it, the burlesque was under the direction and management of Messrs. Joseph Brian, Ah Lix-elp Hash and Tony Kapele (John F. O'Brien, Alex. L. Pach and Anthony Capelli). Following is the program:

ORANGE CONVERSAZIONE OF THE FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.  
—:—:—  
Introducing the following Mellow-Dramatic Sketch, entitled  
—:—:—  
"SILVER SERVICE REFORM,"  
—:—:—  
In which will appear for the first time on any stage, the  
HONORABLE COMMISSIONERS  
Tew whit:

Senator Rake Low (Chairman) Mr. T. Fox  
Roosey Vel Vet (Reform) Mr. A. L. Pach  
Dr. Park Row Club G. Mr. J. O'Brien  
Chimmie Fadden (Clerk) Mr. T. Lounsbury

### AND THIS ARRAY OF GULLIBLE CANDIDATES.

FOR  
Ethel Pilsner (Excise Commissioner)  
Mr. A. Eckardt  
Park Mall (Park Police) Mr. L. Morris  
Borden Brand (Milk Inspector) Mr. C. Haas  
Welsbach Light (Gas Commissioner)  
Mr. A. Capelli  
Mack O'Rel (Fish Commissioner)  
Mr. C. J. LeClercq  
Bloomingtondale Wheels (Lunacy Commissioner)  
Mr. R. E. Maynard  
Marmalade Starch (Food Commissioner)  
Mr. A. Klemme

To be followed by the presentation of a Monologue entitled  
"BAMBOOZLEUM."

By the talented Mr. William George Jones

And a Series of Altogether First Part Impromptu Comedies.

To be concluded with a Debate "Which is the most Awful, Fire or Water?"

Senator Rake Low was a dignified presiding officer, and asked questions in United States and Berlin and sometimes in Irish, according to the nationality of the office seekers. Roosevelt Velvet showed a clean pair of teeth and plied questions upon the aspirant for Excise Commissioner with quotations from the Latin and French, while the clerical Dr. Park Row, of Goo Goo Club G, tried to maintain the decorum of the court. Chimmie Fadden, the court clerk, was the turbulent spirit and had his own way whatever the decision of the committee was. Twenty times was his discharge agreed upon when he reminded the committee of his pull in the Eighth Assembly District. The committee might agree upon a commissioner and place his percentage 99, but Chimmie Fadden would put down at 33. If any one expostulated he would arise and with that bowery phrase say: "Wot t'ell you Say? Aint I from de ate?" It had to go. He took in all moneys, legal and illegal, and disbursed it among the committee.

According to Chimmie, Ethel Pilsner was appoint Excise Commissioner, Park Mall was made a sparrow cop, Borden Brand was successful in his application for milk inspector, Welsbach Light failed to pass for Gas Commissioner, Mack O'Rel was elected Food Commissioner. Bloomingtondale Wheels failed to put in an appearance and he was unanimously put down as having passed 100 for Lunacy Commissioner. Marmalade Starch sent four crisp \$100 bills to Chimmie, and was made Food Commissioner without opposition.

Following the above burlesque refreshments consisting of oranges, apples, raisins and nutwerve served, after which Mr. Wm. G. Jones

gave his celebrated rendition of "Bamboozleum," which was heartily applauded by the five gentlemen who came upstairs just as he finished.

The debate on "Which is the most Awful, Fire or Water?" had Messrs. Fox and Lounsbury for the "affirmative" side and Messrs. Ad. Eckardt, Stanch and Meinken for the "negative," and the "affirmative" side won 12 to 11. Which was the "aff." and "neg." was left to the audience to decide. It was a burlesque on school debates. All the debaters upheld both sides and one or two forgot what to say, while one was so bashful, it being his maiden effort, as he said, that he was excused.

Precisely at twelve o'clock the "Orange Conversazione," whatever this is, was at an end, and amid expressions of having had a most enjoyable evening the homeward journey commenced.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meinken, Ira Tyler and sister, Misses Martha Jaycox, Annie Weidemann; Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, W. G. Jones, A. Eckardt, T. F. Fox, W. W. Thomas, A. Capelli, C. Schindler, A. L. Pach, J. F. O'Brien, J. H. Stauch, C. J. LeClercq, F. H. Knox, Leo Greis, P. Redington, F. W. Meinken, A. C. Bachrach, C. J. McManus, D. J. Sullivan, A. Klemme, I. N. Soper, E. J. Shannon, C. W. Haas, and others that escape our thinking tank.

The murder of artist Eglau at the Lexington Avenue School has been the chief topic of conversation during the week. The detailed accounts appear in the daily press. The deaf and the public in general who have perused them are loath to believe any deaf pupil of the institution could have committed so horrible a crime, for it requires a man without fear and a hardened heart to deal twenty blows without becoming horrified at the result of the first few blows and the gush of blood that bespattered the room. The police, however, were bound to fasten the crime on some one whenever there was the slightest evidence, and accordingly they arrested Pfandler, Eck and Wolfe, who were at once discharged by a magistrate, and then the arrest of James and William Fitzgerald, eighteen and twenty, respectively, followed, who also were discharged by magistrate Kudlich in the Yorkville Police Court. But the district attorney's office was not satisfied and had them re-arrested. They were allowed to go home under \$10,000 bail each. At the meeting of the Grand Jury Monday they refused to indict them on the flimsy evidence presented, which consisted of a blood-stained cuff and a pistol that had been stolen from one of these boys. At the examination Monday afternoon, at which were present a number of deaf people, so perfect an alibi was proven that they were discharged and the father freed from his bail bond. This means they are free from re-arrest. Now the police are watching one of the employees of the institution, but there is little chance of the guilty party or parties being captured.

I was present at the examination of the boys in Yorkville Police Court. Both are slight of stature, light complexioned, cheery, and one would not for a moment judge either capable of even half so horrible a crime. One has heart disease, and the sight of blood would make him swoon, as the physician of the family testified. Prof. Elemendorf was arduous in his labors for their release, as was Dr. Greene, and there were a dozen friends ready to testify for them.

The police seem to suspect the night-watchman now, but if the opinion of one who has followed the details very closely, counts for anything, the crime must have been done by an outsider who had the confidence and raid of some one connected with the school. The fact that no blood stains have been found on any of the employees or pupils of the school proves this, for during the dealing of those twenty blows the murderer could not have escaped being bespattered; and the fact that not one of these has run away adds weight to this. A mystery it is, and a mystery it must remain.

The following is from the New York Herald of February 19th:—"Dr. David Green, superintendent of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, where Professor Max Eglau was murdered, discovered a clew yesterday afternoon which caused him to send at once to the East Sixty-seventh street police station. The inscrutable Captain Casey, whose ways are past finding out, sent four of his detectives, who presently emerged wearing gum shoes. They declined to say whom the evidence implicated. Dr. Green denied himself to all callers."

As if the deaf were a "class," the German Society was actuated to figure in the case, and in response to postals sent out by George Lindemann, they met at their rooms in the Germania Hall, on Avenue A, last Saturday. The object was, as stated in the postal,

to tender resolutions of sympathy to the murdered man's wife on the sad death of her husband; resolutions of sympathy to Dr. Greene and his staff of teachers that the murder occurred in his school, and resolutions of censure of the police in arresting the deaf-mute pupils of the school.

Those present were H. Eschert, M. Conzelman, E. Basch, A. Limpert, A. Werner, E. Kollenbaum, Ch. Haas, John Vlach, A. Kahn, Ch. Meyer, M. Horbert, F. Bunkniski, G. Lindemann and G. Nibler.

A reporter for the *Morgen Journal* was present before the meeting began and ran off and wrote a column article about their passing those resolutions. But the facts are: President Nibler called the meeting to order with denunciation of the police, followed by Mr. Lindemann, who stated the object of the meeting, and asked that the resolution be unanimously passed. But Mr. Basch sensibly suggested that they were rather unnecessary as well as premature. That for the widow was timely but not necessary from a body who had no connection with the school or the case, but he was willing to have it passed, while that expressing sympathy for Dr. Greene and the school, he said was wholly unnecessary if not ridiculous, and the censuring the police might be tabled, as it was not time to censure them till it was known what they had accomplished or failed to accomplish. "Mr. Basch's motion was seconded."

Then the "one man power" came into play. Mr. Lindemann would allow no debate on the question and waved aside those who wanted to argue against it. All we want is "talk," said he, "talk, and nothing against the resolution." President Nibler, as if he was a willing tool, upheld him. Then there was a demand to see the resolutions, but Mr. Lindemann would not consent to this.

"If there is going to be so much fuss, I will tear them up," said he.

"Tear them up," said two or three.

He feigned an attempt, but did not do so, and then asked for discussion on them. Mr. Basch made the attempt, but no one who wanted to oppose them was allowed to talk. Then Mr. Basch put on his coat and hat, and said he saw it was no use remaining as Mr. Lindemann was bound to boss the meeting.

"You're an absolutist," said Mr. Lindemann.

"What are you?" asked Mr. Basch.

"A constitutionalist!"

"Oh, it is just the reverse," replied Mr. Basch, "and you are as much an anarchist to-night as I have ever known you to be," and with this he left the meeting.

After Mr. Basch was gone a vote was taken. Two opposed the resolutions. Mr. Lindemann eyed them, and commanded them to raise their hands. One went up, but that of the most intelligent of the lot remained on his lap.

"Put it down as unanimous," remarked Mr. Lindeman, and thus it went.

The intelligent Germans of the city are disgusted with the proceedings. They say the meeting was uncalled for, and that Mr. Lindemann, who recently became a member, had no right to call a meeting, as it required two-thirds of the members to issue a call for a special meeting. Said one of them: "That is nothing short of a conclave of the lower Germans with anarchistic tendencies. Mr. Lindemann is the leading spirit, and the vote of the whole club will never count against him. We'd rather that society go out of existence, as it never accomplished any good, and did more towards breeding ill-feelings than anything else."

Friday night will be a glorious time for those who attend the "Poverty Party" at the Central Opera House. Admission only 25 cents, and this is all. Account next week.

Mrs. Charles J. LeClercq is down to Pleasure Bay for a week's stay, and incidentally to gather in soft shell crabs for which Charles has a sweet tooth. Hope the crabs are big and luscious. Used to catch them up in Connecticut—when in swimming, by the old process. Don't like it.

John Stanc's is a full-blode! sport, and sees all the bouts at Coney Island. He himself had a spar with Jerry Barnett, which resulted in a draw. Some day John may be another John L.

The Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers had a meeting two weeks ago, the night when Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was to lecture, and did not put in an appearance on account of the stormy weather. And they decided to elect the new officers. Henry Juhring was elected President; Archie McLaren, Vice-President; C. A. Green, Secretary; and F. Ecka, Treasurer.

Griole de Geer has returned from Washington and Philadelphia, and announces his intention of sailing for home on the "La Normandie" Saturday. The "La Normandie" came to port Sunday, covered with ice from bow to stern.

Martin Glynn is back to town from Albany.

\*A. Kahn is working in town now as a lithographer.

The Cigar Manufacturer's Union of which M. Heyman's brother has been president for twelve years, held a banquet at the "Arena" on Feb. 11th, at which they presented their president with a loving cup.

Gaetano Groda is the name of the Italian sculptor that recently came to this city from sunny Italy. He bears a striking resemblance to A. L. Thomas, of Rogers, Peet & Co., and appears to be a very intelligent deaf-mute. He has not as yet secured work.

The Athletic Number of the *Mt. Airy World* is very neat and full of reading matter for athletes and others. I was for half an hour under the impression it was the *Silent Worker*, so much did it resemble it.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Goldfogle celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding last Saturday with a party at which were present a number of their friends and relatives. This prevented their attendance at the Quad Club's private party. Alexander, like a true Quadite, sent a telegram of regrets.

The *New York Public Ledger* is soon to be launched out by two semi-mutes in town. Not another "great, big independent," but will be devoted exclusively to the social and commercial life of the east side of the great metropolis. So far it is an experiment, but in the language of the day, "there's money in it."

"A Quad" suggests that my praise of the committee on nominations of two weeks ago was a bid for the Vice-Presidency of the Quad Club. More than that; it was a (humorous) bid for the presidency. There are humorists and thousands who could listen to them without smiling. Now, I will try to get into the vice-president's chair to oblige this gentleman of weighty opinion.

There's a little stranger in Chicago by name of Donald Seny Gibson. Congratulations to "Gib."

The meeting at the Church of the Beloved Disciple on 89th St., between Madison and Park Avenues, last week, was not very largely attended. The Guild meets here again next Tuesday. All are welcome.

TED.

## ALBANY AND TROY.

A surprise party was given Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gilbeo, at their residence in Green Island, N. Y., a fortnight ago by their deaf friends. Edward is of French-Canadian birth, but he was educated at the Rome, N. Y., school. His wife received her education at the St. Mary's Couteux School in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. Burdett Smith, of Saratoga, N. Y., after a month of steady employment, has just lost his case at Albany, on account of the unwelcome appearance of the type-setting demon.

Mr. Martin Glynn has the same cause for losing his job, and he has just started for his native home in New York City, in search of other employment.

Mr. Harry Van Allen, of Johnstown, N. Y., our lay missionary of the Diocese of Albany, gave a very interesting lecture before the deaf Troy Literary Society, at the guild room of St. Paul's Church on Third Street last Saturday evening, the 15th. The subject of his lecture was "Capital punishment." He held a religious service at the chapel of the same church the next morning. In the afternoon he conducted similar services at the St. Paul's Church on Lancaster Street, Albany, before a well-sized audience of the deaf people from Troy and Albany.

At Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Becker were congratulated last Wednesday evening, the 5th, by a large number of friends, on the tenth anniversary of their marriage. As a remembrance of the occasion, Mr. and Mrs. Becker were presented with a beautiful banquet lamp and card table. A fine collation was served.

With apologies to the *Buff and Blue* of Gallaudet College, we will insert the following paragraph for the benefit of our local readers, who know the below mentioned person:

"John G. Saxton, '82, is now in Lansingburgh, N. Y., with his parents. He has spent the last five years in France, studying art, two years in the Academie Julian. His zeal had led him to impair his health by overwork, and he has come home to recuperate. If he braces up in time, he expects to return in the Spring, accompanied by his charming and faithful wife, to their cozy little cottage in Etaples, a few miles south of Boulogne, France, there to work for the next Salon."

A picture in oils by J. G. Saxton is on exhibition in Brewster and Packard's window in Troy. The painting was hung in the Paris Salon of 1894, an honor which testifies to the ability of the artist.

The writer had the pleasures of meeting Mr. Saxton at the Riverside Club in Lansingburgh, one evening very recently, and the evening was pleasantly devoted to

bowling, the popular craze among society people, and dallying with ivory balls, at which Mr. Saxton proved to be a good artist. He is very pleasant to meet, and his conversation about his recent travels in Europe abounds with never-ceasing interest.

A man walked in the second station house in Troy some time ago, and "commenced wiggling his fingers, waving his hands about in a way which suggested insanity to the acting sergeant." The stranger proved to be a deaf-mute, and through Mr. Charles A. Smith, who was engaged to act as interpreter for that purpose, stated that he was destitute and wanted means to get to his home in New York City. He gave his name, which I will not publish for obvious reasons and claimed to be a graduate of the Westchester School. He said he came to this city in search of employment, but he has been unsuccessful, so he wished to get back home. He was brought over to the Superintendent of Poor, who gave him a night's lodging and sent him to his destination.

Miss Edith Houghton, of Washington, D. C., is spending the winter with her married sister in Troy. Last week she received a call from her old classmate, Miss Edith Scovill, of Hudson, N. Y. They were educated at the Northampton, Mass., School.

Andrew P. McKean, a former teacher at Fanwood is now tutor to Ex-Judge Robertson's son, who is quite well-advanced in age, though not well-advanced in education.

Mr. Chester Q. Mann is still in Troy. He seems to take a great liking to Modern Ilium's gay attraction. CAB.

February 15, 1896.

## PHILADELPHIA.

From our Regular Correspondent.

A very unique and pleasing entertainment was given in Albrecht Hall, last Wednesday evening, in aid of the current expense fund of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, under the direction of Mrs. M. J. Style, Mrs. L. Priser, Miss Cora Ford, Miss Dora Kintzel, and Mrs. Thomas D. Delp, the committee of the Pastoral Aid Society of All Souls' Church. To the astonishment of your correspondent, the hall was nearly filled with the hearing people, while there were about twenty-five deaf-mutes present.

At about 8:15 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Koehler made a few remarks in regard to his mission work among the deaf, and what the church has done for the deaf. Prof. John P. Walker interpreted to the hearing people. Then the presentation of "Seven Ages," was displayed by a little infant, James Priser, Harry Gunkel, Adolph Yerkes, Chas. Yoder, and Wm. H. Lipsett. After that, pretty Miss Troth sang, for which she was applauded. Misses Cora Ford, Kintzel, Eisele, Shetty, and Mrs. King, wearing dresses of different colors, recited "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by signs in unison, very gracefully.

A very laughable dialogue was enacted by Misses Grace and Dora Koehler.

The representation of "Columbia" was worked out very admirably by Misses Ford, Kintzel, Shetty, Eisele, Worral, and Mrs. King, followed by an address to "Columbia," by Miss Loughridge.

The program was concluded with a pleasing play, entitled "A Leap year Party." The cast of characters being: "Dr. King," Mr. J. King; Widow, Miss Kintzel; Schoolmarm, Miss Ford; Physician, Miss Shetty; Crank, Miss Taylor; and Sweet Sixteen, Mrs. King. Between these exercises, music by an orchestra was furnished. Over fifty-five dollars were received as net profit. Mrs. Priser deserves credit for selling the largest number of tickets. The lady committee, encouraged by their success, intends to have it repeated somewhere in Germantown before long. The committee has the heartfelt congratulations of the deaf who take interests in the welfare of the church.

A very enjoyable birthday party was given by his parents, in honor of Mr. Isaac W. Dewees, at their home in Frankford, last Saturday. Some amusing games were indulged, and all partook of a fine collation. Those who were there were: Richard P. Dewees, Emma Dewees, Aaron P. Dewees, Mrs. Mary G. Dewees and daughter Hannah, Misses Sallie Kronese, Carrie W. Smedley, Lydia Smedley, Alice Smedley, Margaret Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston and daughter, Miss Hannah P. Wright.

Dr. Eugene Alex. Houston, of Yonkers, N. Y., will pay a flying visit to his brother, Washington, in Frankford, some time during this week.

The Baptist Publication Society building, in which Mr. Charles Campbell, a deaf-mute, worked on a press for nearly nineteen years, was burned to the ground several days ago.

The Caledonian Athletic Hall has been secured for giving the play of "The Merchant of Venice," and the date has been decided—Thursday evening, April 23d. Rehearsals will begin very soon.

THE RECORDER.



## DEAF-MUTES' CRIMES.

Unfortunates Deprived of Speech and Hearing Who Have Broken the Law.

SECRET AND VENGEFUL.

Noted Murders in Many Countries, Wherein They Have Figured as Principals.

TO BE HELD RESPONSIBLE.

In the Famous Bodin-Hasbrouck Case a Jury Was Unable to Agree.

(From the New York Herald.)

The suspicion into which deaf-mutes have fallen since William and James Fitzgerald were arrested on the charge of being concerned in the death of Professor Egan, the old drawing master who was murdered in the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, opens up anew a field of inquiry into the tendency of this afflicted class to commit crime and their criminal responsibility.

The deaf-mute has different ideas from his more fortunate brother who has the use of all his faculties. He is practically shut out from the world, and the ideas of what goes on about him are strangely distorted. He has before education no idea of a God and little of right and wrong. It is only by the most patient teachings that he can be informed on such matters, and even then his ideas are crude and primitive.

An expert once asked a deaf-mute who had undergone years of careful training, if he had any idea of God.

"I thought," he replied, "that some one was in the sky. I feared him because he turned a grindstone and made it thunder and lighten."

Another deaf-mute said he thought that death was God and that he knew he would die.

Dr. Peet once asked a number of deaf-mutes what they thought when they saw persons going to church. One replied that it was to worship the clergyman; another that it was study useful knowledge, and a third said that the family "went there to play."

NOT OFTEN CONGENITAL.

Few deaf-mutes are born so. There affliction is the result generally of disease or of some acute nervous debility. Their minds are poorly developed, and many of them are really insane or idiotic. Blackstone, that oracle of English common law, holds that a person deaf and dumb from birth is in the condition of an idiot. Abbe Sicard, who devoted much time to the education of the deaf and dumb, says of the deaf-mute:—

"He possesses not even that instinct by which the animal creation is guided as to morals, he does not even suspect their existence."

It is only by long years of instruction that rudimentary ideas of religion and morals can be instilled into the mind of the deaf-mute. The deaf-mute is prone to be self-willed, passionate and unreasonable. He is suspicious because he is often the butt of ridicule. He lacks self-control because he cannot fully appreciate the consequences of his actions. When he is thwarted in his desires, the folly and criminality of which he cannot appreciate, he is apt to think that he is the victim of discrimination and oppression.

The cases in which deaf-mutes have been arraigned for murder are numerous. The deaf-mute does not have the means of expressing his anger or resentment openly, but treasures it up and broods over it. He is easily insulted, and makes a deep injury out of a look or a gesture. He is like some animals, too, for he never forgets an injury, no matter how long ago inflicted. He is cunning and secretive. He is able to devise means for hiding the evidences of his crime which would often not occur to a person in the full possession of his faculties.

CASES IN POINT.

There is a case of a Hungarian deaf-mute who killed his wife by driving a nail into her head while she slept. There was no flow of blood. He carefully arranged her hair so as to conceal the nail, and then rushed into the street and by sign language told how the woman had died of heart disease.

Jane Campbell and Esther Dyson, deaf mutes, were arrested on the charge of having killed their children. The Court decided that they could not be tried, because they could not understand what it meant to plead guilty or not guilty.

Johann Schmidt, a deaf and dumb German shoemaker, killed his employer with a shoe knife. He was acquitted in the German courts because the laws were not known to him and that nobody can be tried by laws he did not know. His counsel also made the point that in the case of a person fifteen years of age who is endowed with his faculties the law doubts whether he is accountable, but that the accused, in respect to intellectual development, was inferior to a hearing person fifteen years of age.

One of the most noted cases of murder by a deaf-mute is that of the killing of Daniel A. Hasbrouck, a wealthy farmer of Gardiner, Ulster County, N. Y., by Levi Bodine, a mulatto boy who was born deaf and dumb. The youth worked on Hasbrouck's farm, and on account of his affliction was really a slave. He had never been educated, yet was of a quick mind, and communicated his ideas readily by means of signs. He had often been beaten by his employer. He had frequently said by signs that he would kill his master some day. Hasbrouck, on February 15, 1870, told the boy to chop wood. The deaf-mute took the axe and struck his master two tremendous blows upon the head. Then he left the mutilated body and went to a neighbor's house, where he told what he had done by means of signs. He was arrested and taken to the jail at Kingston.

Then followed a most interesting trial. At the opening the prisoner's counsel said that it was impossible to proceed because he was unable to communicate with his client; that he could not convey to his mind the various degrees of homicide; that he could not inform him of his right to challenge jurors; that he could not impress the boy with the nature of an oath, and that the law provided that no man could be tried who was not able to understand the details of his own trial and to prepare a suitable defence.

The District Attorney held that the prisoner's sanity was undisputed and that his neighbors and friends were able to communicate with him. Many experts were cited, among them Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, principal of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The Judge said that the boy should be instructed, and remanded him to jail for that purpose. No teacher, however, could be found who would undertake the task of instructing the deaf-mute that he might be prepared for a trial which would certainly have resulted in his being hanged. When the trial finally took place the jury stood eight for acquittal and four for conviction. They could not agree, and the boy spent the rest of his life in an asylum.

### Through Walls of Silence.

THE GOSPEL PRESENTED TO DEAF-MUTES AT TRINITY—THE LIFE WORK OF REV. A. W. MANN.

Rev. A. W. Mann, general missionary in the mid-western diocese of the Episcopal church, lead the service at St. Margaret's Deaf-Mute Mission in Trinity Chapel yesterday.

Rev. Mr. Mann, who is himself a deaf-mute, has been laboring among his fellow unfortunates for 21 years. St. Margaret's mission is the Pittsburgh branch of the work. When it is known that one person in every 1,600 is a deaf-mute and that there are over 40,000 of these people in this country, the magnitude of the work which was so long neglected by Christianity may be imagined. Twenty-one years ago the Rev. Mr. Mann devoted himself to the work of looking after the souls of deaf-mutes. His field is probably the largest of that of any minister in the world. It embraces the dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio, Southern Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Chicago, Quincy, Springfield, Missouri, Western Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Milwaukee and Fond du Lac.

Over this vast extent of territory he is traveling all the time, preaching, reading the service for the deaf, performing marriage ceremonies, baptizing recruits for the work, and all the other countless labors which any other ordinary minister is called upon to perform.

Holy Communion was held in Trinity chapel for the members of the mission yesterday morning. Rev. Mr. Mann officiated. He preached at the morning service from the parable of the sowing of the tares. In the afternoon he read the evening service of the Episcopal church, including the lessons. The text of his sermon was from Romans 6:4—"Therefore we are buried with him in baptism unto death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the father, even so we should also walk in newness of life." The entire service was in the sign language. In the reading of the service the responses were made by his congregation, in the same manner and they enjoyed their services.

Rev. Mr. Mann is one of those persons whose characters seem only to grow sweeter when physical suffering comes. Not only is he a deaf-mute, but terrible crippled

as well. In spite of these infirmities he is as cheerful as if bodily ills had never fallen to his lot. His audience loved him, as it was plain to see, and from start to finish watched his fingers spell out the words of his discourse so rapidly that only their trained eyes could follow it.

The deaf present at yesterday afternoon's service came from all parts of the city and suburbs. Today Mr. Mann goes to Washington, Pa., to hold a deaf-mute service. From there he goes to Erie, Buffalo and several other places. Last Saturday evening he lectured in Trinity chapel to deaf-mutes on Venice and Rome, which cities he visited lately. One of Mr. Mann's accomplishments which is of great value to him is the ability to write upside down. Seated opposite his visitor his pencil flies over the paper and the characters appear right side up to the reader. "It saves time and is as easy as the other way," he says, when spoken to about it.

Services for deaf-mutes are held in Trinity chapel every Sunday afternoon. The lay readers are Prof. B. R. Allabough and Mr. F. A. Leitner of this city. All deaf-mutes are cordially invited. These are the only services held in this city especially for mutes and are largely attended.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Edgewood Park, Pa.

On January 25th, the pupils had a masquerade party in the boys' hall, and there were some very creditable "make-ups" and some realistic representations of characters in modern life, such as the Cowboy, Hobo, Knight of the Road, Dude, Policeman and Poor Lo; among the girls the Japanese Lady, Mother Goose, the Bride, Baby Cleveland and Mother Hubbard, were prominent. After unmasking the pupils spent their time at various games, and all had a very enjoyable evening. Mr. Leitner took a flash-light photograph of the boys in their masks, and it makes an interesting memento picture.

The pupils are happy again, for the quarantine on account of scarlet fever has been raised. None of the pupils had been allowed to leave the premises since November, and they were consequently delighted, when it was announced that it was safe for them to leave the Institution again, and those who lived near could visit their friends. Friday, February 7th, witnessed quite an exodus of pupils going home.

Mid-term examination has been in progress the past week or two, and a good deal of rivalry has been manifest in the various classes, and good progress has been shown. The principal has conducted the examinations solely, and it seems quite a task for one person.

R. P. McGregor, of Columbus, has accepted an invitation to lecture before the deaf of Pittsburg on Saturday evening, March 7th. This is a rare opportunity which the deaf within easy reach of Pittsburg should appreciate, for that the lecture will be very entertaining goes without saying. The lecture, the "Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus," is one full of historic and sacred interest, and in the hands of a forceful and graceful sign-maker as is Mr. McGregor, it promises to be one of the best things the deaf in this vicinity have ever had, and all who possibly can, should attend.

The lecture will be delivered in the lecture room of the Reformed Presbyterian Church on 8th Street, Pittsburg, beginning about 7.30. The committee in charge have fixed the general admission at 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents, and front row choice of seats at \$1. Those who have enough, and to spare, should take front seats, for it will be in a good cause, as all net proceeds of the lecture go to the home fund of the P. S. A. D. Those who don't attend will be sorry, sure's you're a sinner.

Mr. McGregor will remain in Pittsburg over Sunday, and hold service, morning and evening, at Trinity Church on Sixth Street, thus giving the deaf another opportunity of seeing the great exponent of sign-language in use of it.

When it is over, we predict the universal verdict will be, "Great is the sign-language!"

We note from time to time accounts of the trouble the deaf are having to get their lives insured, owing to the verdict of most of the reliable companies that the deaf are not "risks."

The Washington Life Insurance Company of New York is, we think, a safe company in which to insure, and the writer had no trouble whatever getting a policy from it. In the examination our deafness was not even mentioned. Those who are anxious to take out a policy of insurance, and have been rejected by other companies, should try this one. Policies in this company are non-forfeitable after three annual premiums have been paid.

G. M. T.

Despite the stormy evening of February 11th, a good sized congregation worshipped with the Rev. Mr. Mann in the Chapel of St. Paul's Church, Erie, Pa.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Ninety-Seven Gives a Promenade.

ALL WAS PLAIN SAILING AT THIS LECTURE.

A Visit to the National Museum--Salmagundi.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

An "After the Ball" atmosphere is plainly evident around college just now. Friday, on St. Valentine's day, the "Junior Promenade" came off with eclat. The floor was just right, '97's class colors, white and lavender, blended harmoniously about the chandeliers, and on the blackboard above the chapel-platform Mr. Bumgardner had drawn the dramatic metamorphosis of a diminutive "Duck," awestruck by the gigantic array of treatises on Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry and Mechanics, into tall and gallant Junior, surveying the same dread volumes, dwindled into pitiable insignificance.

The class of '97 were conspicuous from their white and lavender satin badges, engraved in gold with "Ninety-Seven," and most ably did '97 perform the duties of hosts to their many friends from both the Green and the city.

The programs were dainty affairs.

"Circumstances" rendered it impossible for the class of 1900 to be present, so the young gentlemen attended Congress, and ended with a "love feast;" and the young ladies obtained permission to take possession of the big roomy kitchen and pull taffy, make caramels, etc., and charming Cinderellas they made. Next day and next, strange tales were afloat of how a liberal portion of candy set out to cool, was spirited away while the cooks were chatting. And the bold bandits even have the audacity to throw out hints of having had some fine candy. But the "ducks" say they only got the poorest part.

"How'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis better to have cooked and lost, than never to have cooked at all."

Saturday evening the "Lit" presented its usual creditable programme in chapel. Prof. Draper was the lecturer of the evening, and had not announced his subject beforehand. But as he ascended the platform a round of applause greeted him, for he carried a pretty little model of a sailing vessel. He prefaced, by remarking that at first he had intended to deliver a talk which would revenge himself on Prof. Hotchkiss for relating the state secrets and by-gone pranks at "Old Hartford." But meditation induced by the Sunday school concert's discussion of "Forgiveness," had ended in his letting Prof. Hotchkiss off and selecting the theme, "Sailing." The Professor has evidently had many experiences in sailing, and gave us a clear and interesting talk on management of a sail-boat, illustrating the various points of making wind, rudder, sail, keel and current work, together in the harmony of a perfect "sail." "Tackling," "beating," "luffing," and many other terms were explained. Then followed a narrative of three sails the Professor had taken last summer; they were respectively the most dangerous, the saddest, and the most pleasant. For one was in the night, tossed by wind and wave; the other ended in the sad spectacle of another party returning after a sudden squall with two their number lost by the upsetting and sinking of the sailboat; the last was a sailing symphony of a summer day.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer.

The debate following was on the question: "Resolved, That a present war with England would be disastrous to the United States." Affirmative supporters were Mr. Fister and Mr. Wills; negative, Mr. Peterson and Mr. Stutsman. The judges decided in favor of the latter.

The Dialogue was another classic from Shakespeare—The Ghost and Hamlet—by Messrs. Wagner and Carrell.

The declamation, "Casablanca," was most fittingly rendered by Mr. Kestner.

The critic, Mr. Merrill, gave a rather mild report, considering what has gone before in that line; and the President, Mr. Sullivan, announced that the next regular literary meeting would be under the management of the Seniors.

Among the other meetings of the week was one, Monday evening, concerning the "Ducks." How far facts are for publication is hard to decide exactly, but according to the Press Club notes, the students held the meeting to impart the new rules

to the Ducks who were, however, absent. A letter was sent advising them to come next evening, promising no hostilities. Tuesday's meeting was successful, the Ducks not being harmed. Some of the new rules adopted are reported as follows: The "Ducks" are to take back seats in all meetings, are not eligible to offices, must give out their own mail separate from the rest, and others, as reported in the Register, about "keeping off the grass" on that part of the campus between Galaudet statue, boundary wall and main walk, and doffing hats to upper-class men.

Tuesday, one of the highest of winds prevailed here, resulting in the blowing in of three large stained glass windows—two in chapel and one in the museum. After a few days of an unsightly sackcloth covering, the damage was repaired in time for the Promenade.

Wednesday, Prof. Chickering took his Senior Geology class to spend the afternoon at the National Museum examining specimens. We wandered for hours about the great room, impressing the realities of what we had been studying on our minds. The sight of these specimens is of great benefit after one has become partially familiar with the study. There were beautiful lime deposits, silica in handstone crystals, jasper, porphyry, pumicestone, basaltic columns, conglomerates, specimens of glacial erosion, huge pot holes, and you could be wearied by merely the enumeration. Then, to please the young ladies, Prof. Chickering took us to the velvet-lined cases, where rest a glittering collection of every precious stone a girl could long for, and models of the great diamonds of the world, the lost "Great Mogul," the "Kohinoor," the "Pasha," some worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Hubert E. Delorme's wonderful painting "The Blacksmith," still attracts many from the Green.

Tuesday evening Prof. Fay was one of the guests at the Alumni Banquet of Michigan University.

Fellows Gaw and Clarke, Miss Greener and Mrs. Kendall, took tea with the Chickering's, Wednesday evening.

Miss Ballard and Dr. Fowler were among the guests (about thirty) at Mrs. Cleveland's card reception Friday afternoon. At the public reception Thursday evening, when President and Mrs. Cleveland received, only Clark and Terry attended from the Green.

Mr. Jackson attended a reception tendered to the Illinois Scots by W. M. McDonald, now of Georgetown, formerly of Chicago, and ex-State-Senator. About seventy were present.

The wife of a former Senator from Michigan, Mrs. Stockbridge, drove out Sunday afternoon to call upon Misses Taylor and Titus. She asked to leave to bring her carriage out and take them driving at an early date, and wishes to bring the wife of Senator Burrows, of Michigan, to see them. Also Mrs. Stockbridge had with her a little fox-terrier, all ribbed with bows, and possessing the euphonious name of "Snoodles." Mrs. Stockbridge confessed with charming candor that fat little Snoodles is the "dearest friend, she had in the world."

Mr. Donnelly, a member of the Senior class of Columbian University, and a prospective fellow of next year, visited the college and Kendall School, Wednesday.

Friday evening Spalding's agent was here with samples of athletic goods. Little was needed in that line, so few purchases were made.

Mr. Wood, Miss Kershner's business college teacher, with his wife, came out to call on Miss Kershner and be shown over college.

Miss Alice Florence Riggs, a niece of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, was the guest of Miss Allison, Sunday, taking dinner with the "ducks."

Miss Hemphill's father made her a short visit Tuesday, and is to come again in a few months.

Dr. Gordon has been teaching Mr. Ely's classes in mathematics, during the latter's absence at Richmond, where he acted as interpreter at the investigations of the charge against the Virginia School for the Deaf.

Ninety-Nine has begun the study of Cicero's eloquence.

Miss Nattie Rogers has received a bulky box from the "home folks."

Prof. Porter delivered an address on "Law: Its Universality and Beneficial Agency," Sunday afternoon.

The sad news has come of the death of Miss Porter's brother, who has been suffering from a long and painful illness. The sympathy of all her many friends goes out to Miss Porter in her loss.

LAURA MCDILL.

### Guild of Silent Workers.

The monthly meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers will be held in the Parish House of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, 67 East 89th Street, between Madison and Fourth Avenues, next Tuesday, February 25th, at 8 P.M. A full attendance of members is earnestly requested, and others are always welcome.

S. M. BROWN, Sec'y.

## COLUMBUS.

A Novel Birthday Party.

KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.

A Deaf Man's Irony--Brevities.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The following unique invitation was sent out a couple of weeks ago: A birthday party you are invited to attend, And to the Home your aid to lend; Into this little bag which to you is sent, For each year of your life please drop one cent;

When emptied retain this bag, we pray, As a trifling souvenir of the day. On February 15th, with the ladies meet, At the home of Miss Dundon and enjoy a treat; From seven until ten our friends we'll receive; Come when you like, and, when you like, leave.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

In response to it fifty or more persons were present at the pleasant home of Miss Dundon last evening, to extend to her greetings and well wishes of the day. In receiving her guests, Miss Dundon was assisted by Misses Biggam Wiedenmuer, Katie Dundon, and Margaret Dundon, and Mrs. Bard. Hyacinths and pinks scattered about the rooms gave off exquisite perfumes. Chocolate, coffee, and cakes were served during the evening. Games were indulged in; among them a potato race and "tailing the donkey," which added much to the amusement of the evening. It was an enjoyable affair all around, and none who attended were sorry they came, despite the inclemency of the weather.

The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King, Mrs. J. C. Pier, Mrs. Thomas McGuinness, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Rose, Mrs. Ella Zell, Mrs. King, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Bard, Mrs. Lynn, Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Beulah Crout Miller, Misses Nellie, Katie, and Margaret Dundon, Biggam, Doane, Edgar, Zell, Dresback, McGregor, Ohlemacher, Wiedenmuer, Winton, Kuhner, Jones, Kayser, Littell, Bard, Rodman, Moore, Cydrus, and Prouty, Messrs. Zorn Charles Schory, Neutzing, Elsey, Schwartz, Mitchell, Bogart, Hedges, Schneider, Whitehead, and Devitt of Minnesota. Mrs. V. D. Greene, of Toledo, sent a letter of congratulations, and aided the object of the party by contributing as per notice. Likewise Mrs. Helen A. Rose, now matron of the Missouri Institution, in which she desired to be remembered to her friends and expressing her pleasure in aiding the object along, which she did in a substantial way.

The Aid Society realized quite a little addition to their fund from the party. The amount received was \$23.45. A telegram was received by Mr. J. W. Lieb, from an undertaker in Indianapolis, giving the information that J. W. Breen had been killed on the railroad track. He could not locate any of his relatives in Philadelphia to whom to send the remains, and hence telegraphed to Mr. Lieb for assistance. Mr. Lieb's name was undoubtedly found in some of the clothing Breen wore. The latter used to work in the Hayden rolling mill here, and was well known by Mr. Lieb and several other deaf residents.

Mr. James Devitt is among the latest deaf-mute comers to Columbus. He reached here a few weeks ago, and is working in a stained glass factory. He is a good workman, receiving \$2.50 per day. He was educated in the Minnesota Institution, and left there about eight years ago. Since then he has been in all the leading western cities, and we were told that his object is to go for the east.

We wonder who this deaf man was. He was evidently not one of the ordinary kind. The item is taken from the "Observation Car" of Tuesday evening's Dispatch: "A waiter in a popular restaurant told the Observer the following: A man wearing a weary look entered the place this morning and seating himself at a table, was approached by the waiter who asked, 'Do you want breakfast?' The man did not answer, but pushed a pad and pencil toward him. Recognizing that he was deaf and dumb, the waiter wrote the question as he had asked it. The man looked at it and wrote, 'Well, yes.' While the waiter was in the kitchen, the stranger wrote a few words on the pad and shoved it over to a young man who was plying his knife and fork opposite him. On it was written, 'Do you think he thought I wanted a bath?'"

The following is taken from the Evening Press of last evening:—

"Constable Palmer of Justice Olinhausen's court replevined a cow yesterday afternoon from William Bard, on a writ issued to Simon

Kingery. Both Kingery and his bondsmen are deaf and dumb, and some difficulty was experienced in qualifying the parties before they signed the bonds."

The trouble grew out of Mr. Kingery moving to this city last fall. Before doing so the cow and another animal were given in keeping on some agreement to Mr. Bard. Mr. Kingery moved back into the country this week, and wanted his animals and hence the suit.

A steam whistle is one of the latest additions to the engine house, and is to be used in sounding the alarm for fire in case one occurs.

A new telephone was placed in the Superintendent's office this week. It has connections with the engineer's office, stable and carpenter shop.

Mrs. Annie Frost surprised her friends here this week by a visit. She was a teacher in the Institution for a number of years up to 1888, when she was married. Her husband died about a year ago. While in the city she was the guest of her nephew, Mr. C. C. Williams, Ex-Prosecuting Attorney of Franklin County.

Mr. McGregor had a large gathering of deaf-mutes at his lecture in Dayton last Saturday, who greatly enjoyed his talk on Empires. While in Dayton, Mr. McGregor visited the National Military Home, and was taken in charge by ex-Trustee Evans who showed him about the place.

Miss Carrie M. Feasley visited Governor Bushnell's office this morning and as a result the Home Fund is \$25 richer. The Governor cheerfully gave his mite to help the Home along.

Another Legislative Committee visited the Institution this week. It was from the Senate. The members were impressed with several urgent needs of the Institution, and promised to do all they could to secure them.

A. B. G.

February 15, 1896.

### IRELAND.

Ulster Institute for the Deaf Dumb and Blind.

APPOINTMENT OF A PRINCIPAL.

(From the Belfast News Letter, Jan. 31.)

A meeting of the governors of the above institution was held yesterday under the presidency of Mr. J. Blakiston Houston, V. L. There were also present—Revs. Dr. Williamson, D. Riddall, W. J. Jackson, and William Park; Messrs. E. J. Charley, J. W. Rodgers, W. Carson, J. P. W. Shaw, R. Anderson; and W. H. Lyons and A. D. Kemon, J. P., honorary secretaries. The business before the board was the appointment of a principal, in succession to the late Rev. John Kingham. We understand that there were a great many applicants for the post, and that after a lengthy discussion the governors selected Mr. J. H. Brown, M.D., second master of the Illinois Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, Jacksonville, U. S. A. The appointment is regarded as an excellent one, as Dr. Brown is a most capable teacher, possessed of great and valuable experience in the care and instruction of the deaf and dumb. We are informed that he was educated at the Belleville Institute, Ontario, where he served six and a half years. Subsequently he spent two and half a years at the Pittsburg Institution and two years at the Kansas Institution, and he took his degree of M. D. at Jefferson College. When Professor S. T. Walker removed from Kansas to become the superintendent of the Jacksonville establishment, Dr. Brown accompanied him in the position of second master, which he will now vacate in favour of the Belfast appointment. The Jacksonville institution is one of the most important and best equipped establishments of the kind in America, and one of the largest in the world. It has about five hundred pupils, who receive a capital education, and who are trained in various useful crafts. The teaching staff comprises some forty ladies and gentlemen, and there are about as many other officials connected with the domestic and industrial departments. The numerous buildings cover a large area, and the grounds are admirably laid out. Residents of Illinois of school age who are too deaf to attend common schools, are admitted to all the privileges of the institution free of charge, being provided with everything necessary except clothing and travelling expenses. The governors of the Ulster Institute may be congratulated upon securing the services of Dr. Brown, who is highly spoken of by those who have had opportunities of judging of his capabilities and he may be relied upon to do his utmost to bring the Belfast establishment to even a greater state of efficiency than it enjoyed under the superintendency of the late Mr. Kingham, who was so well known and highly esteemed. We understand that at the meeting yesterday Mr. H. J. Sheppard, late postmaster of Belfast, was appointed secretary to the institute in the room of Mr. Wylie, accountant at the Walter Office, who has resigned that position.



## FANWOOD.

[Continued from First page.]

won the confidence of all. As he uttered the last word, his manner changed. A smile lighted up every feature, and he conversed pleasantly with all. After a while he sent the committee into another room to see Mrs. Lincoln, and then they would find water in the library. He had provided no wines or liquors. When the citizens called upon him after it was known that the committee had been informed of his plan that some entertainment must be provided. He said he would attend to it if they would tell him what ought to be done. They said they would supply the needful liquors.

Mr. Lincoln said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for your kind intentions, but must respectfully decline your offer. I have no honor in my house and have never been in the habit of entertaining my friends that way. I cannot permit my friends to do for me what I will not do myself. I shall provide cold water, nothing else." He always had the courage to do the correct thing at the correct time, and being a temperance man, he never hesitated to acknowledge it. Enthusiasm for Abraham Lincoln's election pervaded the whole country.

From his nomination to his election, Mr. Lincoln calmly awaited events. He had received no rewards and had made no pledges. He was devoted to his coming work and was busy at all times. His first public address was his farewell to his Springfield friends, on his departure from the Capital. It was an avowal of his own unshakable faith in and purpose to be guided by the wisdom of the Almighty.

By Miss Jane T. Meigs.

Mr. Lincoln's heart was as tender as ever best in a human breast. Those who saw him standing by the coffin of young Willie, and the eloquent Baker, knew how he loved his friends—how he sorrowed over their loss. In his companionship with his boys, and particularly with the youngest, there was a most touching picture of parental affection; in his emotion, when he lost them, a grief too sacred to be further exposed. "He could not deny a pardon or a respite to a soldier condemned to die for a crime which did not involve depravity, if he were to try," said an old army officer. He shrank from the confirmation of a sentence of death in such a case, as if it were a murder by his hand. "They say that I destroy all discipline, and an cruel to the army, when I will not let them shoot a soldier now and then," he said. "But I cannot see it. If God wanted me to see it, he would let me know it, and until he does, I shall go on pardoning and being cruel to the end."

The Fanwood Literary Association on Saturday evening, February 15th, had a debate on the following question: "Resolved, That Cuba is right in her fight for Independence?" The affirmative was supported by Messrs. P. J. Kiernan and Edward Mayer, and the negative side by Messrs. Louis Cohen and E. Rappaport. Both sides debated the question with much intelligence. At the conclusion, the judges, Miss Gertrude Turner and Messrs. John H. Keiser and Herman F. Beck, brought in a verdict in favor of the affirmative side.

President Jones then explained why so many small colonies on the Western Hemisphere were beginning to throw off the yoke of monarchial form of government, and substituting the Republican form on a plan similar to the United States.

Mr. Henry Cohen was called upon to give the news of the past week.

President Jones gave a brief account of the murder committed at the Deaf-Mute Institute at 67th Street and Lexington Avenue. All joined with Prof. Jones in the hope that it may turn out that it was no a deaf-mute who committed the murder.

William Sweeney, formerly of Melrose, N. Y., but now a resident of Middlefield, Mass., visited the institution one day last week. He and his wife own a farm of three hundred acres near Middlefield, which is managed by his son. Mr. Sweeney graduated from the New York Institution, when it was located at 50th Street and Fifth Avenue, over thirty years ago. He was astounded at the great improvement at Fanwood since he was here a few years ago. He admired the uniforms of the pupils, and said that when Harvey P. Peet was Principal at 50th Street, most of the pupils at one time were furnished with uniforms, which consisted of a blue jacket with a double row of brass buttons down the front, shoulder straps, and trousers of blue with a cord of the same color running the length of the outside seam. Mr. Sweeney proposes to remain in this city until March. His son, William, whom many deaf-mutes will remember as floor manager at deaf-mute balls years ago, died of consumption last December.

"Around the World in Eighty Minutes," on Sunday evening last, and to what better advantage could the pupils have spent the time. Jules Verne would have envied Prof. Carrier, if he had been present at the Professor's stereopticon lecture. At the time Jules Verne wrote the celebrated novel "Around the World in Eighty Days," he little dreamed that some day the feat would be accomplished in less time, and by a young woman unaccompanied, and it is also safe to assert that the French author never even thought of the marvelous developments that have since been made by scientific men. The trip, or rather the lecture, was heartily enjoyed by all.

Again the Angel of Death has visited the Institution, and two of our bright little boys have been taken. Little Michael Dalto, aged four years and six months, and Albert Lotter, aged five years and

six months. The measles had so weakened them that when membranous croup followed, they were unable to cope with this dread form of disease.

Owing to the sorrow prevailing the family, the masquerade which was to have been held on Washington's Birthday, has been indefinitely postponed.

The Institution has been Quarantined and no visitors can be received.

A. QUAD.

## LOS ANGELES CORRESPONDENCE.

It is a long time since any thing has appeared in the JOURNAL from this far away corner of Uncle Sam's small farm, so I feel like writing a few lines to let your readers know how things are going on among the deaf in the "City of Angels," and to gratify the curiosity of your Montreal correspondent, who some time ago expressed a wish to know what had become of the late principal of the Mackay School.

The following paragraph from the Los Angeles Times will no doubt tell the reason why the JOURNAL's old correspondent's pen has been idle for some time—more than three months.

KICKED BY A HORSE.

Thomas Widd, who lives at the corner of Vermont Avenue and Twenty-third Street was the victim of an accident yesterday afternoon. He in company with Mrs. Widd, Norman N. Lewis and E. C. Ould, all of them being deaf-mutes, were returning from services at St. Paul's Church. They were in a two-seater drawn by one horse, and at about 4.30 P.M. were passing near Hotel Figueroa, where, for some unknown reason, the horse commenced kicking and broke away the dashboard.

One of the calks on the horse's shoe struck Mr. Widd a fearful blow on the right leg just under the knee. The wound bled profusely and caused the unfortunate man much pain. A good Samaritan took Mr. Widd into his own carriage and conveyed him home.

Dr. William Hughes was called to attend Mr. Widd and he said he thought there were no bones broken. Mr. Ould had his foot stepped on by the horse, but he was not seriously injured.

On further examination it was discovered that the injured leg had sustained a severe compound fracture, and on account of his age it was a slow and tedious injury to heal. Mrs. Widd and Mr. Lewis were on the hind seat and escaped injury. The horse was a new one, only purchased a few days before from Mr. W. E. Dean, a deaf-mute, who represented the animal as perfectly safe and gentle, but whose wife told four different parties after the sale that the horse was unsafe and half spirited, and that they were anxious to get rid of it. The carriage was badly damaged and Mr. Widd has been disabled for over three months, sustaining great loss in his business, and heavy doctor's bills. An action for damages may result from this event. At present Mr. Widd can only move about on crutches.

While Mr. Widd was laid up, Rev. Job Turner came to Los Angeles and took his place in conducting the religious services, and Prof. H. D. Reaves moved to Los Angeles and has ever since been conducting the services, assisted by Mr. Ould. The deaf-mutes were extremely sorry for the accident to their missionary and indignant at Mr. Dean for persuading him to buy such a dangerous animal, knowing it was unsafe for him. It will be some weeks yet before Mr. Widd will be able to walk without crutches.

The number of deaf-mutes in Los Angeles is now nearly 50. They are making this city their home from all parts of the country. It is not well for more to come at present, as business is very dull, and work is difficult to obtain. Those who have means to take up land and build a home need not fear coming to Southern California. There is always a superabundance of unskilled labor, in winter especially, with which the deaf-mute has to compete.

Prof. and Mrs. Emery have been here all the winter for their health, and have received much benefit from the climate, and intend making Los Angeles their future home.

Yesterday Mr. Widd was able for the first time in three months to visit the city by the electric cars, which run near his residence, and he was much surprised to see the large number of new buildings which have been erected since his accident happened. The city is growing very fast in every direction, although in other cities progress seems to be at a stand still.

Mrs. A. Trenholm, whose husband died in Oregon last year, has moved to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to reside with her sister. Mrs. Trenholm was Miss Reed, of Chicago, daughter of lawyer Reed who defended Giteau the assassin of Garfield, and who was run over in Los Angeles by the cable cars four or five years ago. She has a very bright little boy 3½ years old, to comfort her in her widowhood.

Some time ago the JOURNAL mentioned that Rev. E. Rowland,

the clergyman to the deaf in Wales, had his leg broken by a cart running over him. He will no doubt be surprised to learn when he reads this article that his old friend, Mr. Widd, who saved his life in London thirty years ago, is in a similar predicament, and both of them are using crutches!

PHILOPHIUS.  
LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb 6, 1896.

## When We Go To Sleep.

There is a curious combination of conditions that must work together to bring about sleep. Sleep itself is something wonderful and not the least of its attending features are those involuntary and most inexplicable pictures known as dreams. When we go to sleep, we do not do so all at once. There are rare instances of persons who can attain a sort of semi-sleeping condition—a sort of intermediate state, not all wakefulness, yet not sleep—and yet be conscious of the condition. The mental function may then assume an intensity to which normal wakefulness is an entire stranger, and the mere will may project upon a sort of mental camera creations of the fancy, it may be, but with a beauty to which no material coloring can approach. There may be paintings, seemingly supernatural in their clarity of expression; statutory that may seem as stone instinct with life, or architecture such as the chastened Taj Mahal, alone, of all material things, affords an expression, or it may be music, not in audible strains, and yet something that may still be heard by some finer sense, and which is attuned in such transcendent sweetness that the sounds of reed and string and voice seem to grate only as discord by comparison. But these are wholly exceptional mental states that bring this experience. Ordinarily a drowsiness sets in, and, if yielded to, the eyes close, and the important sense of seeing is at rest. The ocular avenue to the brain is now curtailed, and the condition of the cerebral workshop indicates a coming cessation. Immediately following the quiescence of sight is the suspension of the sense of smell, and quickly after this the tympanum draws the curtain to the impression of sound. The connecting nerves to the brain seem to be switched off and convey no sense of hearing.

## LAST SENSE TO SUSPEND

The very last sense to suspend is that of touch—that myriad-eyed sentinel stationed all over the anatomy—and, curiously, this is also the first to resume operations when we awake. Next follow the hearing then taste, and at this stage communication opens between the eye and the brain. Last of all comes the sense of smell.

The muscular system must relax in order that sleep may take place, hence, unless in cases of unusual strain, we may not sleep in a standing position, or when walking. Many persons have no conception of the involuntary or rather automatic muscular relaxation that takes place so soon as the body assumes a recumbent position.

When we stand or walk the body is electrically charged from the brain through the nerves, and this calls for an expenditure of force which is suspended so soon as the position of the body does not call for it. The brain has to be active when this electrically charging of the body is sustained, and sleep means cerebral cessation. It is a curious fact in the bodily economy that certain of the most essential functions are not only entirely self-acting, awake or any feeling of tiredness, although there is here also an expenditure of force. The sleeping, but they also go on without creating heart keeps on beating, the blood flows through the veins, respiration is kept up, the lungs inhale and exhale the same in the profoundest slumber as when we are awake. We may engage most intently in some mental operation, and need have no call whatever to be concerned about the beating of the heart or our breathing.

## CAN NOT STOP THE MACHINERY.

While we may measurably control our mental operations, choose the subject of our thoughts, the action of the lower brain is something with which we have personally really nothing to do. Not only is this so, but the operation goes on even if we choose to will otherwise, as we may soon learn when we attempt to "hold our breath."

But why do we sleep?

To allow for a restoration of mental energy. Nature will not and can not do anything for nothing. Her entire realm is an endless cycle of reciprocations. Mere organic existence must cost something. Something is expended even in the lightest kind of thinking. We draw on the stored energy of the cerebrum when we think, and, during our waking hours, we consume more than is stored during that time. We are like a man with a mill dam whose supply of water will only allow running by heads, with waits for intermediate accumulations.

There is no finer philosophy than that involved in the production of mentality, nothing higher than what may be termed intellectual architecture, with its myriads of maps of memory, its myriads of

pictures and its capacities of production of both the unseen and the unknown. The maps are where they are not in the way, do not obstruct, and yet can be brought forth when needed.

But what is mental energy? Primarily, in and of itself, the mere thing called energy is the same in all animate things, or certainly in all mammalian structure. The mere matter of power is the same whether it be used to impel either a horse or a man. A ton of coal may be consumed in a bonfire, and the result of the combustion be simply heat and light.

## MYSTERIOUS FORCE.

A ton of similar coal may be made to yield its combustion under a boiler, and its force is then transferred to expanding water into vapor; the force of the vapor may be harnessed to a loom that may weave the finest silks, and yet the force that did this was identical with the force that simply dispersed with no effect from the bonfire.

The force becomes mental only when it acts on the brain, and its character and quality will then depend on the quality and quantity of the brain, more particularly the former.

But what then is the form of this force? What is its dynamic class? Undoubtedly it is electricity. The nerves would answer the question if there were no other answer. This is the economical force, as regards space for storage, and has the particular merit of not having weight. It is a most exceedingly utilitarian arrangement, this storing of energy in a few pounds of brain, but every animated thing, from a musket to a man, has to take in some kind of fuel, transmute it and use the force resulting in the transformation to maintain life and whatever concomitants go with it. The differences in mind are then for differences in the quality of the cerebral mechanism. This is clearly manifest from the fact that if softening or other mishap befall the strongest brain, mental action is at once vitiated.

## PHANTASMA OR DREAM LIFE.

But whence come the peculiar images or mental mirages known as dreams? People that do not exist, places that are not, conditions that have never been combined, and thought that was never conceived—all these present themselves in most peculiar imagery when the senses are locked, and the body reposes as in death, only that the lower brain goes on in its unconscious action while the sentinels of consciousness are all engaged in unconscious recuperation.

And time is annihilated. The mental processes months as they come in a day may be crowded perhaps into a few moments of time.

Yet a tiny electric cell, entirely too diminutive to be called microscopic, for the microscope may not, in any remote degree even, reach it—this infinitesimally tiny thing may expand and develop into a landscape, present thereon a concourse of events, supply entirely unknown and non-existing personages, endow them with speech, clothed with thoughts, and all this probably wrought while the minute cell threw off its most diminutive spark of actual time. The general principles that must enter into all animation are only in various modifications, much the same, and are not so hard to understand, yet some of the minor and minuter processes are as yet inexplicable.

But from that fuel-transporter known as the stomach, come all the various manifestations of dynamic energies that in their combinations represent any of the higher forms of animation.

## DIED.

Henry Harrington, of Billerica, Mass., who was one of the pupils of the New York Institution in the year 1840, died at his residence on January 23d, at the age of 63. The funeral services were very impressive. The pastor of the Congregational Church took for the Scripture reading Psalms 23 and 123, after which very touching remarks were made by him. A beautiful prayer closed the services. Interment took place in Dracut. Mr. Harrington leaves a wife, one married daughter and one sister, Mrs. M. H. Swett. He had been in delicate health for some years, so the news of his demise was not a surprise.

## Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

29-7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Lecture.

MARCH.

1-10.45 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Holy Communion.  
1-3 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Evening Prayer.  
1-7.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Confirmation by the Bishop.  
2-7.30 P.M., Trinity, Elmira.  
3-7.30 P.M., Watkins.  
7-7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester, Lecture.  
8-10.30 A.M., St. Paul's, Rochester, Holy Communion.  
8-7.30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo, Evening Prayer.  
Other appointments will be announced later.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

## Hints to Housewives.

Add to the stove polish a teaspoonful of powdered alum.

Wash carafes with vinegar in which tea leaves are soaked, shaking the compound well in the bottles, and rinsing afterward in clear cold water.

To keep preserves from becoming mouldy put a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover. This is a simple but sure preventive.

If by chance you get a grease spot on a silk dress, cover the spot with magnesia and let it remain several hours. Brush off and treat with a fresh supply if the spot is not removed.

A most delicious gravy to pour over broiled chicken is made by adding one-half cup of cream to the water in which the giblets have been boiled tender. Some cooks consider it an improvement to stir in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs as it is taken from the fire.

To wash red table linen use tepid water, with a little powdered borax (borax sets the color); hang to dry in a shady place. The washing must be done separately and done quickly, with very little soap; the rinsing water should have a very little starch in it. Iron when nearly dry.

Velvet should be brushed against the grain to remove dust, and, if in very bad condition, should be sprinkled with fine white sand and then brushed till none of this remains. The cleansing power of common seashore sand is very great, and if collected after use and washed can do service many times.

Doctors are advising those invalids, who find it difficult to digest nourishing foods to try an easily digested fat in the form of butter. It can be so distributed over the different meals of the day that the most delicate appetite will not be offended. Those who have made a study of diet say that butter is especially suited to anemic people, to dyspeptics and consumptives.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Onions make a nerve tonic not to be despised. They tone up the worn out system, and if eaten freely will show good results in cases of nervous prostration. If a sprig of parsley is dipped in vinegar and eaten after an onion no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected. And in addition to this cheerful bit of information, onions eaten freely are said to beautify the complexion.

Cheese cloth is now used by the progressive housekeeper for dish cloths, scrub cloths, bread cloths, dusters, strainers, and coffee bags. It has entirely taken the place of the greasy dish cloth, and is found equally useful for polishing glass, furniture or silver. For drying china, cleaning glass, wiping floors and washing windows it is found preferable to any other material. As a household article the popularity of cheesecloth increases every day.

A Japanese furniture polish said to be exceptionally valuable for its purpose is prepared by mixing well together one pint linseed oil, one pint strong cold tea, the whites of two eggs, and two ounces spirits of salt. When thoroughly combined pour into a bottle, which must be shaken each time before the polish is used. Make a pad of soft linen, pour on a few drops of liquid, rub well over the article to be polished, and finish the process with an old silk handkerchief or dry chamois skin. The Japanese use their fine paper both as polisher and first applicator.

Put one pint of milk in a double boiler. When steaming hot stir into it four tablespoonfuls of instantaneous tapioca, cook for ten minutes and take from the fire. Separate two eggs, add to the yolks a quarter of a cup of sugar; beat until light; stir this into the hot milk, return it to the fire, cook, stirring constantly, about a minute. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth; add to that two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and beat again. Flavor your custard with a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn it into the serving dish. Put the whites of the eggs over the top, dust thickly with sugar, stand it in the oven to brown about two minutes. Serve cold.

The appearance of rust on the tuning pins and the steel wires of a piano is a sure indication that the piano has been exposed to moisture or dampness. The time of year or the age or quality of the piano has nothing to do with it, as rust may appear in a night. The fact that the room is heated by a stove just outside of it will probably account for the rust, as the chances are that after the unusual cooling of a fire over night its heating in the morning would be likely to cause condensation on the metal, and rust would immediately appear. Do not use oil or any greasy substance to remove it. It will probably not do any harm unless it causes the strings to break, in which case they will have to be replaced. Most pianos require tuning twice a year. The only important care to be given a piano is to keep it in an even, dry temperature.—Ladies' Home Journal.

School bags are liked by the

school boy or girl better than the clasp and strap, as they will hold not only the books but the banks, tablets, pencils, and the other ceteras which have come to be indispensable in school life. Make the bag of denim, plain dark blue or red, a little larger than the largest book to be carried. If it is desired to be 13x9 inches, fold a piece of goods 13x20 inches once in the middle. Turn in the raw edges and stitch up the end on the right side. Stitch an inch hem about the opening at the top. Cover two pieces of ropes with denim for handles and sew securely, one to the middle of each side. Then with Asiatic twisted embroidery silk in black work on one side the words "School Bag," with the name or initials of the owner. A shallow pocket with a buttoned flap may be inside to hold pencils, eraser, etc.

## Deaf-Mute Living Picture.

Among the girls who have recently been posing as living pictures there are several deaf-mutes, and one or two who are blind. One deaf-mute who has caused some little sensation in a West End Hall commenced her dramatic career as a child dancer in the pantomimes, and was able to keep in step to the music by watching the baton of the bandmaster. Later on she succeeded in winning her way into the regular ballet, but of course was debarred from taking a leading place by natural defects. The Living Picture boom proved an unexpected avenue of advancement. Possessing a handsome face and a fine figure she easily found good engagements, and for the last two years has been the leading living model at one of the finest West End halls. Her career so far has been most successful, but it is difficult to say how she will find an engagement on the stage when the boom has died away. Many of the living-picture girls have learnt the dumb language on their fingers, so that they are able to converse with her easily.—British Deaf-Mute.

## Face-Reading.

"In the acquisition of the art of speech-reading by sight," says *The Popular Science Monthly*, "the eye of the deaf pupil becomes accustomed to certain positions of the organs of articulation, and he thus learns to understand the spoken words of others, altho he does not hear them. In teaching this art, Lillie Eginton Warren has found that the forty old sounds of the English language are revealed in sixteen outward manifestations or pictures, and practise in following them as they rapidly appear in a face enables us to understand what is said. Some faces differ from others in strength of expression, and thus many show less action in the lower part. Nevertheless, there is in all persons a general approach to a certain definite movement of muscles, particularly when in animated conversation, and the trained eye notices what the inexperienced one fails to discover. After attaining a degree of proficiency in this art of expression-reading, persons seem to feel that they hear instead of see the words spoken. Reading our language in this way may be said to be mastery of a new alphabet, the rapidly moving letters or characters of which are to be found upon the page of the human countenance."

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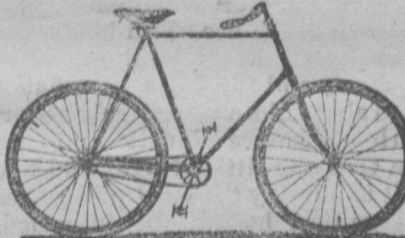
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